COALING STATIONS.

The English Opinion of Their Importance in the Navy.

While Not Essential to the Maintenance of Naval Power These Stations Are Fortified Against the Ships of Foreign Nations.

Sailing ships could, and did, remain at sea for many months at a time, Lord Brassy writes in the Nineteenth Century. Their power to remain at sea was only limited by the amount of water that they carried. The period during which a modern ship of war can remain at sea is determined mainly by her coal endurance, and to a great extent by the necessity of effecting repairs in port to delicate machinery. The coal endurance of modern ships of war is even more limited than official figures, so far as any are available, lead us to suppose; and when Lord Salisbury placed the limit of the striking distance of a ship of war at two thousand miles—viz., the distance at which she could deliver a blow and return to her port—he certainly did not underestimate her powers. The country which possesses the most numerous coaling stations and the best situated as regards trade routes will have a great advantage in a future war. In this respect the British empire is without a rival.

While a navy depends for its power of operating in distant waters very largely on coaling stations, the existence of the latter depends absolutely on the power of the fleet to protect them. No local defense, whether in fortifications or men, will preserve them to a power which has lost the command of the sea. The history of Malta during the great war affords an admirable instance of the interdependence of fleets and coaling stations, though it must be admitted that the lesson to be drawn is to some extent weakened by the need of modern ships for coal.

Many people consider that the possession of Malta is indispensable to the maintenance of British influence in the Mediterranean. How far this is true may be judged from the fact that Nelson won the battle of the Nile when Malta was in the hands of the French, and that Malta fell into our hands, though not for some time, as the direct consequence of that battle, which gave us the command of the Mediterranean. Capt. Mahan summarizes the conclusions, which should be drawn in these words: "Its fate when in the hands of France . . . gives warning that the fleet depends less upon Malta than Malta on the fleet." If this be true of Malta, it is still more true of other coaling stations which do not lie in such proximity to the ports of foreign countries.

We have acted wisely in giving to our coaling stations sufficient defense against one or two hostile cruisers. More than this is not required. As long as our navy is maintained at its proper strength and is efficiently officered and manned, it should not be possible for a serious expedition to leave the enemy's port without a British fleet being immediately in pursuit.

AHEAD OF ERICSSON.

An Austrian Said to Have Invented the Modern Screw Propeller.

The Austrians have just been celebrating the centenary of Joseph Ressel, one of the many claimants to the honor of being the inventor of the screw propeller, by a festival in front of his statue in front of the Polytechnic Institute of Vienna. It is said that Ressel, who died in poverty and neglect in 1857, described his plan for using the Archimedean screw for the propulsion of ships as long ago as 1812, but it was not until 1829, when all his earlier patents had lapsed for want of money to renew them, that he succeeded in interesting a Trieste merchant, Fontana, in his device, and securing a trial for it on board a small steamer called the Cidetta. Unluckily for him one of his steam pipes burst, and the authorities thereupon forbade all further experiments. Poor Ressel was derided on all sides, and was asked whether he wished to bore a hole in the sea. The New York Evening Post says there is no doubt that he was a genius in his way, or that he, in common with many others, was working on the principle of the screw for some years before Ericsson obtained his patent in 1836. John Bourne, in his treatise on the screw propeller, describes one hundred and twenty-six different inventions, but does not even mention the name of Ressel, although a monument to the memory of the latter had been erected already in Vienna. Ericsson's plea for a patent was contested stoutly in the English law courts, but he was able to prove that the only propeller in use before 1836 was the Archimedean screw, and one with arms like the vane of a smokejack. Capt. Delisle, a French engineer, presented a design for a submerged screw to the ministry of marine as early as 1823. But the Austrian inventor must have been a remarkable man, for in the list of his inventions, which perished for want of money, may be found steam tramways, the pneumatic tube, iron ribs for ships and bent wood for furniture.

Extinction of Alligators.

Alligators are the next animals to be in danger of complete extermination at the hands of reckless and merciless hunters. There has been a great demand for alligator skin, which for many purposes is unsurpassed, and with even decent killing of the creatures the supply of this useful leather might be kept up indefinitely. That their extinction is close at hand is not surprising when we learn that over three million have been killed in Florida since 1880, and that six hundred was at one time a fair week's work. As it is with the alligators, buffalo and seals, so it is with many species of southern birds which have been so relentlessly slaughtered for their plumage that within a few years they will become absolutely extinct.

SOILED PLAYING CARDS.

An Immense Traffic in the Discarded Bits of Pasteboard.

Onlookers in the card-rooms of clubs, gaming resorts and similar institutions have sometimes asked what became of the soiled playing cards after they were cast aside in such places, says the New York Herald. The number of new packs of cards called for in a fashionable club or a prosperous gambling house in the course of a month is enormous. A pack may be used through an entire evening, but it frequently happens where high stakes are being played for that half a dozen new packs will be called for in a single game in the course of the night. As none but cards of excellent quality are used and as a player for stakes has a right to demand a fresh pack whenever his caprice or superstition prompts him, the keeper of a gambling house finds the cost of providing them a considerable item of his running expense.

What is done with the soiled cards? You may think the servants get them. But they don't. There is a traffic in them, which in the course of a year in a city like New York or Chicago amounts to quite a handsome figure. The cards that have been used are carefully saved and sold to a regular buyer, who contracts to take all that the proprietor may have to offer during the year or season. As a rule these cards are but little soiled, many of them having been used perhaps for less than a dozen deals. The buyer, who conducts a regular business, sorts them, cleans them as well as he can, replaces missing cards from great stacks of odd cards kept for that purpose, puts them into the original wrappers, which have been saved for him, and then resells them. His customers are mostly second and third rate social clubs or non-gambling clubs in smaller cities and retailers who can be persuaded by low prices to purchase in large quantities. Nine packs out of ten of these cards will pass anywhere as strictly new ones, so carefully are they cleaned and restored, and for all practical purposes they are just as good as if they were strictly fresh. I know a swell club in a busy city in the interior which is noted for its unlimited supply of first-class playing cards. Outsiders marvel at its extravagance in providing what seems to be a brand-new pack of cards for every game of whist, pedro, euchre or poker that starts in its card rooms. As a matter of fact the cards all come from the second-hand dealer in New York and cost about six or eight cents a pack in large sets. It enables that club, as it doubtless enables others, to make a great deal of show for a very little money.

NEW YEAR'S IN AFRICA.

The Impudence of an Arabian of Doubtful Character.

Savage nations have many ideas in common with their more civilized brethren. Dr. Junkin says that the African New Year wish is "*Kullo sume taib*," meaning in Arabic jargon, "The whole year good." In answer to this salutation the person saluted is expected to return some small gift. The doctor got rid of many of his visitors by taking out of their mouths, before they could utter it, their own greeting. But not all of them.

Later in the evening I experienced a masterpiece of Arab impudence which is worthy of record. I had long since withdrawn to my hut and taken my simple evening meal, when a large Arabian lantern appeared before my door, followed by several servants with a tremendous "zenia," which is a round Arabian waiter that serves as a dinner table.

At the same time a man came on the scene whom I had seen only once before under very questionable circumstances. He was an Arab clerk in the divan, a Dongolan, and therefore disliked, and probably altogether a "ne'er-do-well." He wished me his "Kullo sume taib," set before me, to my astonishment, an undesired repast, and at once vanished with his confederates.

According to Arab customs there was nothing peculiar in this, although, as he had no connection with me whatever, this offering from a subordinate was strange enough. Of course there was a reason for all this; it was another instance of "the sausage which was thrown to the ham." The man wanted my intervention in a difficulty he had got into.

In Church Walls.

Many of the older churches in England and western Europe have jugs or jars imbedded in their walls, the mouths opening into the interior. For a long time the openings were supposed to be holes in the walls, but a closer examination a number of years ago, on one or two of these old buildings, disclosed the fact that the openings were the necks of jugs. Most of the old churches erected from the eleventh to the seventeenth centuries have them, and in some they are present in great numbers. A church in Leeds has over fifty, while this number is considerably exceeded in some of the old French churches, nearly two hundred having been counted in the cathedral of Angouleme. The explanation of their presence is simple. They are placed in the walls with a view to bettering the acoustic properties of the building. The efficiency of this strange device is certainly open to question.

Artificially Tinted Fruit.

Some ingenious Paris dealers are reported to have invented a way of enhancing the market value of their wares. It is said that they color ordinary oranges a deep red, making them look like mandarins, which fetch much higher prices. They also tint pineapples to make them look more attractive, and dye the common white strawberries a lovely red. Melons are being treated in a similar way and tinted a fine orange, their flavor being increased by injecting an essence of melon. The latest development of this business is in connection with pears, which are dyed red for a third of their size and blue below, thus presenting the national colors when peeled. These are said to be in demand for dessert on ac-

THE CHIMPU.

Peruvian and Bolivian Indians Use a Queer Counting Device.

The chimpu is a reckoning device still employed in some remote parts of Peru and Bolivia. It consists essentially of a certain number of cords tied together at one of their extremities and along which slide small perforated balls. The cords are of different colors and the balls are made of the shells of various fruits. These balls can be strung all at the same time upon all the cords or upon a certain number only.

The Indian, says the New York Journal, thus has a means of creating for himself categories of juxtaposed numbers corresponding in our processes to as many columns as there are cords in the apparatus. If, as it happens, moreover, the native calculator decides that the balls strung a single time shall represent units, that those through which two cords pass shall equal tens, etc., he will be able to represent any numbers whatever. He will figure, for example, the figure 4,456 by stringing 6 balls on one cord, 5 on two cords, 4 on three cords and 4 on four cords. The little instrument once tied at the lower extremity, as it was previously at the upper, will indefinitely preserve the quadruple number which will have thus been confided to it.

We see in this curious reckoning device of the present Indians a survival and a simplified adaptation of the old quipus or cords with knots of various colors that took the place of writing and numeration among the ancient Peruvians. It is true that the chimpu is at present decimal or nearly so (the ten is easily exceeded on the first cord), but we do not know what it was of old. It would be interesting to know what tribes they are that have preserved the use of the chimpu, and what are the amplitude and variety of the operations that the Indians are capable of executing upon this little apparatus.

LIVING LANTERNS IN THE SEA.

The "Midshipmite" and Its Rows of Shining Phosphorescent Buttons.

Away down in the dark depths of the ocean there are living lanterns that are borne about lighting up the darkness. A queer fish called the "midshipmite" carries the brightest and most striking of all these sea torches. Along its back, under it and at the base of its fins there are small disks that glow with a clear phosphorescent light like rows of shining buttons on the young middy's uniform. In this way it gets the name of "midshipmite," by which young sailors in the navy are often called. These disks are exactly like small bull's-eye lanterns, with regular lenses and reflectors. The lenses gather the rays and the reflectors throw them out again. There is a layer of phosphorescent cells between the two and the entire effect is as perfect as if made by some skilful optician. Many other fish have "reflectors," many have "lenses," but the "midshipmite" is the only kind that has such splendid specimens of both. The fish is so constructed that when it is frightened by some devouring sea monster it can close its lenses and hide itself in the darkness. It can turn its lantern on and off at will. It is always "filled" and ready when wanted. Another marine animal has a luminous bulb that hangs from its chin and thus throws a light before it to warn it of the approach of enemies. Still another upholds a big light from the extremity of the dorsal fin. Others, again, have supplies of a luminous oil that runs down its sides from the fins, making a bright and constant light all around it. Most of the jelly fish are phosphorescent. These live far down on the floor of the ocean where it is always dark and gloomy. The dwellers in these waters are provided with lights of their own shining bodies and fins, which illuminate their home with a strange glare.

ONE OF THE LOST TRIBES.

A Strange Community in India and Their Strange Beliefs.

Scattered over the breezy downs of the Nilgherries, in little villages of wicker houses, that look at a little distance like nothing in the world so much as a colony of beehives, lives a community of six or seven hundred people, who are variously believed to be the descendants of one of the lost tribes of Israel, the aborigines of southern India and a community of Manichaseus.

They believe in a strange trinity and a hell, a dismal stream full of leeches, and this they must cross by means of a single thread. The soul burdened with sin is too heavy for this slender support and the sinner falls into the stream, but the thread sustains easily the souls of the good. The funeral of a Toda, for that is the name of the singular tribe, is as odd in its way as its religious belief. His body is wrapped in a new cloth, and his toes tied together with red thread; grain, sugar, tobacco and money are wrapped in his funeral toga to provide him for his journey across the Styx and the dark plain beyond.

Two buffaloes are slain beside the corpse and the dead man's hands are placed upon their horns; a piece of his skull, his hair and his finger-nails are removed, to be used later on at the great celebration of the death of all those who, during the twelve months, have "taken the leap over the great precipice into the bottomless abyss." When these tokens are removed, clarified butter is smeared on the fragrant wood of the funeral pyre, and the body is burned to ashes and the ashes scattered to the four winds.

Dangerous Road Making.

To cut a track through the high and precipitous mountains of north Queensland the men are obliged to be hung in chains, and notwithstanding this precaution about fifty have lost their lives by losing their footing and being dashed down one thousand feet into the chasms below. Twice the attempt to form this roadway has all but been abandoned, but the contractors have addressed themselves to the work

LEGAL.

FINAL REPORT OF EX-PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR D. M. WALTERS.

TO THE HON. W. H. VIRDEN, JUDGE OF THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY OF MONO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA:

D. M. WALTERS, EX-PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR of the County of Mono, State of California, respectfully submits the following Final Report of his administration as Public Administrator of the County of Mono, for his Term of Office, ending January 1st, 1893, viz: That he has has heretofore rendered and filed in this Court, and has caused to be published according to law, a full and complete Report of his administration, and his Final Settlement, and Final Discharge, by this Honorable Court, of all matters and Estates upon which he has been called to administer, excepting the several Estates of William Robson, deceased; and Jacob Weaver, deceased; and now begs leave to make his Final Report as to those Estates, as follows, to wit:

LETTERS GRANTED.

William Robson, January 31st, 1891.
Jacob Weaver, January 31, 1891.

APPRAISED VALUE OF ESTATE.

William Robson	$ 587 50
Jacob Weaver	668 75

MONEY WHICH CAME INTO THE HANDS OF THE ADMINISTRATOR,

William Robson	$389 50
Jacob Weaver	420 75

FEES AND EXPENSES PAID BY ADMINISTRATOR, ON ORDER OF COURT, IN THE ADMINISTRATION OF SAID ESTATES.

William Robson	$389 50
Jacob Weaver	420 75

The Final Accounts in the above named Estates have been presented and settled, and the money in the hands of the Administrator, which belonged to said Estates, has been distributed, in accordance with the Decree of Distribution, and final discharge granted in both Estates.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, }
COUNTY OF MONO. } ss.

D. M. Walters, being duly sworn, says: That he was the Public Administrator of the County of Mono, for and during the four years immediately preceeding the 2d day of January, 1893. That during the term of his office he administered upon the above named Estates; that it was impossible to bring said administration to a close before the expiration of his said term of office; that the above and foregoing is a full, true and correct statement of his proceedings in the matter of said Estates, since the commencement of said administration until the final close; that he was not at any time during said administration interested in the expenditure of any kind made on account of said Estates, and that he was not associated in business or otherwise with any one so interested.

D. M. WALTERS,
Ex-Public Administrator.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 25th day of October, 1893.

CHAS. L. HAYES,
Notary Public.

Indorsed: Superior Court, of Mono County, California.

Final Report of Ex-Public Administrator D. M. Walters.

Filed October 30th, 1893. J. D. Murphey, Clerk.

CHAS. L. HAYES, Attorney for D. M. Walters.
[n4-6w]

MEDICAL.

THE CHRONICLE-UNION IS THE PIONEER JOURNAL OF THE EASTERN SLOPE OF THE MOUNTAINS, IN CALIFORNIA.

BRIDGEPORT CHRONICLE-UNION.

VOL. XXXII. BRIDGEPORT, MONO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1893. NO. 1,637.

CHRONICLE-UNION.

ALEX. C. FOLGER. ROBT. M. FOLGER.

Published by
R. M. & A. C. FOLGER

Every Saturday Evening.

TERMS:

For one year (in advance)	$3 00
For six months	1 75
For three months	1 00

OFFICE:

Corner of Bryant and School Streets. (Court House Block).

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

Superior Judge	Wm. H. Virden.
Sheriff and Tax Collector	M. P. Hays.
County Clerk, Auditor and Recorder	John D. Murphey.
Treasurer	Joseph A. Brown.
District Attorney	C. L. Hayes.
Assessor	John J. Welch.
Coroner and Public Administrator	A. P. Sayre.
Superintendent of Schools	Cornelia Richards.
Supervisor, First District	William Calnan.
Supervisor, Second District	N. W. Boyd.
Supervisor, Third District	Andrew Arrild.
Supervisor, Fourth District	W. P. Nay.
Supervisor, Fifth District	Henry A. Pitts.

Board of Supervisors holds Regular Sessions at the County Seat, Bridgeport, on the First Monday of January, April and July, and the Fourth Monday of September.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A COURTEOUS EMPEROR.

How Francis Joseph Helped Hunt for the Dog of an American Woman.

Our Vienna correspondent, says the London News, learns from Ischl of the following incident, which is reported to have happened a few days before Emperor Joseph left that lovely mountain city for the maneuvers in Galicia. Two American ladies in Ischl have a maid with them who is a quadroon, speaking very imperfect German, and whose duty it is to lead a beautiful little dachsund by a chain. When the ladies were out walking one morning the dog tore himself away and disappeared into a thicket. The girl guessed that the dog had entered private grounds, but jumped over the hedge and followed him. Suddenly an elderly officer stood before her and asked her what she was looking for. She told him and he said: "We must call him; that will bring him back faster than running after him. What is his name?" "Wallmann," was the reply. The officer took a silver whistle out of his pocket, and alternately called and whistled for the dog, who did not respond, though he was heard barking hoarsely in the distance. Then a forest guard came, and the officer told him to find the dog, and asking the quadroon where the ladies lived told the man to take it to the hotel she named. He then bowed politely and went his way. The quadroon asked the forest guard who the gentleman was. When he told her "that was our emperor," she left him to look for the dog by himself and ran back to tell the ladies. In the evening an imperial servant appeared at the hotel to ask whether the dog had been found.

ROUSED THE CAPITOL ECHOES.

An Unknown Vocalist Who Sang a Ballad in the Rotunda.

It happened during the long vacation, before congress convened, that an unknown lady strolled into the rotunda of the capitol. There was nobody about but the guide and a few tourists, and a couple of friends who were with the unknown suggested to her that she try the acoustics of the hall. At first she demurred, says the Washington Post, but the idea seemed to fascinate her. As she stood silent for a moment, as if waiting for her accompaniment, something in her easy pose suggested familiarity with the footlights. Then she lifted up her voice and sang—easily and unaffectedly as a bird—and such singing! It was only a simple old ballad, but the voice was pure and clear, the phrasing fine and execution excellent. But this was not all. The echoes of the great dome awoke and joined in the song until it seemed magnified and expanded into a whole great chorus. The guards and guides crowded in to hear this impromptu concert, and even the anxious sightseers, who had allotted fifteen minutes to "do the capitol," paused to listen. It was grand, it was inspiring, and the singer seemed to enjoy this realization of her art, which she could never attain in an ordinary hall. When she paused a round of applause awoke other echoes, until it sounded like the tribute of a great audience, and then the singer, realizing her situation, departed. Who she was no one at the capitol knows, but a remark, as she thanked the doorkeeper, saying that she had sung in many halls, but none like this, gave rise to the surmise that she was not unknown to fame.

LIVING OCEAN LANTERNS.

How the Deep Sea Is Lighted by Its Finny Inhabitants.

Away down in the dark depths of the ocean there are living lanterns that are borne about to light up the darkness. A queer fish, called the "midshipmite," carries the brightest and most striking of all these sea torches. Along its back, under it, and at the base of its fins there are small disks that glow with a phosphorescent light like rows of shining buttons on the young middy's uniform. In this way it gets its name "midshipmite," by which young sailors in the navy are often called.

These disks, says the New York Press, are exactly like small bull's-eye lanterns, with regular lenses and reflectors. The lenses gather the rays and the reflectors throw them out again. There is a layer of phosphorescent cells between the two, and the entire effect is as perfect as if made by some skillful optician.

The fish is so constructed that when it is frightened by some devouring sea monster it can close its lenses and hide itself in the darkness. It can turn its lantern off and on at will, and then it is always "filled" and ready when wanted.

Another marine animal has a luminous bulb that hangs from its chin and thus throws the light before it to warn it of the approach of enemies. Still another upholds a big light from the extremity of the dorsal fin. Others again have constant supplies of a luminous oil that runs down their sides from the fins, making a bright and constant light all around.

Maria Theresa Dollars in Africa.

The imperial Maria Theresa dollars of 1780 are in use all over Africa as a circulating medium. They are still coined with the same date. During the Abyssinian war Great Britain was obliged to purchase large quantities of these dollars in Austria to meet the war expenses in Africa, as the natives knew no other coin.

ZULUS ARE FATALISTS.

Royal Servants Allowed Themselves to Be Strangled on Their Master's Grave.

"Kings of the Zulus must not go to the place of the dead alone." This has been a national saying of the Zulus in southeastern Africa for centuries, says a writer in the African News. And they have seen it carried into effect, until prohibited by the British, who now dominate their country.

On the death of a king, certain persons were killed, generally strangled, and those were the immediate servants of his majesty. One would suppose that individuals suspecting their probable fate would endeavor to escape, but I have been told that rarely if ever was this the case. A sort of fatalism attaches to them, and they say, as Zulus often do when anticipating calamities: "We can't help ourselves; we are the victims of fate." Possibly some of them comforted themselves with the belief that if they accompanied their sovereign to the unknown world, they would be supremely happy.

Their dead bodies were so arranged in the grave that the royal corpses lying upon them might not touch the earth. A large flat stone was placed above the king's head, and into his grave were thrown all his belongings—mats, ornaments and robes of state, consisting chiefly of the skins of wild animals, of the most costly kind. Then the national dirge, used only at royal funerals, an exceedingly pathetic one, was chanted by the thousands of Zulus assembled. A large mound of earth with stones and thorns upon the top marks the place of the burial, which is watched closely for weeks and sometimes months, to keep witch doctors from stealing any part of the body, which is supposed to have power to work charms and even miracles. Zulus have a sacred regard for the graves of their kings, and they respect also the graves of their enemies.

During the "Zulu war" those "savages," as they are improperly called, had frequent opportunities to desecrate the resting place of English soldiers, but not once did they touch one. Contrast that with the disgraceful procedure of some British "red coats," who are said to have gone to the tomb of Umfaude, the Zulu king who died in 1873, and rifled it of its bones! Men asked: "What are you going to do with them?" the reply was: "Take them to England for exhibition!"

HOW GRAVITATION VARIES.

Probably Caused by Subterranean Commotions.

That changes, involving the displacement of immense masses, are going on within the earth is one of the suggested explanations of some observations recently announced in France. It has been found at the Parc St. Maur observatory that the force of gravitation, or the weight of bodies, undergoes daily variations. These are rendered sensible by placing in the earth a tube containing a column of mercury balanced by the pressure of hydrogen contained in a closed vessel connected with the tube, and registering by means of photography the alterations in the level of the mercury.

After all corrections have been made for the effect of changes of temperature, it appears that certain sudden variations in the level of the mercury are only to be explained on the theory that they are due to changes in gravitation. These variations last from fifteen minutes to an hour. They are, of course, very small, amounting at a maximum to only one-twentieth of a millimeter, but they may imply very great displacements of matter in the interior of the globe.

It has been suggested that similar experiments should be conducted in the neighborhood of active volcanoes, where liquefied rock is moving beneath the surface, and other disturbances of the strata of the earth are taking place.

Such facts as these present to the imagination a very formidable picture of the gigantic commotions that accompany the slow cooling and contraction of the globe, on whose hardened crust we rear our edifices, wondering, when some of them are occasionally shaken down by earthquakes, at the instability of a planet that is apparently so solid.

A Marblehead Expression.

"While at Marblehead, Mass.," said a lady who had recently visited that quaint town, "I sometimes heard the people use an expression that I at first thought might refer to Voltaire's 'Nine Miles from a Lemon.' Afterward I heard the story which gave rise to the saying, and it is good enough to repeat: In the early colonial days, when there was no conveyance to Salem except a small ferryboat, there lived at Marblehead a worthy housewife with a lazy, worthless husband. He never offered to go to Salem, for it was a good mile to the ferry, and then much trouble to signal the boat from the opposite shore. So the wife did all the errands, and she could often be seen trudging along the dusty road. When questioned she would courtesy and reply: 'I'm to Salem to buy a loaf of bread.' One day she was very busy, and besides wanted to make an unusual purchase, a lemon. So she gave her 'man' some money and persuaded him to undertake the voyage to Salem. He went; he never came back. He found his freedom too sweet, the allurements of the larger town too seductive, and to this day when a man is going out of town his friends say: 'When shall we expect you back?' or: 'Are you going for a lemon?'"

THE GREAT INLAND CITY.

What Has Helped Chicago in Her Phenomenal Growth.

A generation ago, says the London Spectator, America consisted of the settled northeastern and southeastern states and of the great expanse of more or less wild continent behind them. Year by year, however, the population has been spreading west, and every fresh census has pushed inland the mean line of population—the line on either side of which the population is equal. The significance of this gradual withdrawal of the mean population line from the coast must not be missed. The fact means that Anglo-Saxons in the United States are becoming what they have never been before in their history, an inland people.

In a very little time the vast majority of Americans will not only have never seen the sea, but will never have been within a thousand miles of it. The destiny of the American people is to become as much a people of great inland plains as the Russians, and this fact will be made clear to the world when travelers leave the ocean at New York, and after traveling inland over a thousand miles find themselves in a city as big as Vienna, and ten times as rich and energetic.

The existence of a great city so far removed from the sea is probably unique in the world's history. Delhi in the days of its greatest prosperity had no doubt a very large population, but unless Moscow can be called great we can recall no other great city of ancient or modern times situated in the heart of a continent. It may be said that Chicago is an exception only in name, and that it could never have achieved the position it has achieved but for the fact that it is situated on the shores of a great double-armed inland sea. No doubt the great lakes have helped Chicago, and no doubt also the fact that they require from the populations which surround them all the sea-faring qualities of the English race will prevent its inhabitants from becoming too inlandish in their habits.

Chicago, however, is not enough in the middle of the continent to hold forever the position of the typical American city. As the center of population shifts westward her relative position will decline, and she will ultimately have to give way to some younger rival in the west and south, possessed of a geological position more suited to the commercial capital of a nation of some two hundred millions of inland people. Still, as we have said above, Chicago for the time will serve as an object lesson in regard to the great change which has come over the conditions under which the American continent is inhabited.

INCONTESTABLE POLICIES.

Life Insurance Companies Issue Them Only in Europe and Central America.

The policies written by some of the leading life insurance companies of this country are incontestable for any cause whatsoever. If a policy holder commits suicide immediately after paying his first premium, and before the ink is dry on his policy, his heirs will receive the money just the same. That is because the companies know that life is the most precious possession of every individual, and that very few indeed will throw it away in order to benefit an heir. The "incontestable clause" is found, however, only in the American policies. Those issued to Europeans, Central Americans and South Americans do not have them. One of the chief officials of a leading company recently said to a reporter for the New York Sun:

"All our foreign policies are written subject to cancellation. It is true we discover very little fraud among the European policy holders, but that is because their schemes are so clever we cannot run them down. The chief reason for our writing less liberal policies abroad and in the southern portion of this continent is, however, because wars are so frequent and so liable to occur at any moment. Europe is always on the brink of a great war, and if we should write incontestable policies there we might be ruined any time. In the Central and South American states revolutions are in progress all the time. If our policies were not subject to cancellation there we should be subjected to great losses continually. Our method is to write policies freely, but to cancel them whenever a revolution occurs in the countries in which the policy holders reside."

He Smelt 'Em.

"It is curious," said a father, "how deficient young people seem to be in some of their senses and how acute in others. For instance, the other day my boy and I went crabbing. When it got along toward noon we both got very hungry and my son sent me ashore to buy lunch, while he went out upon the river again and went on crabbing. I went up into a nearby village and bought some pies and cakes and sarsaparilla. I carried these down to the wharf and stood there and shouted till I was hoarse, but my son never heard me. Then an idea struck me: I was to the windward of him and I took a pie out of the bundle and held it up in one hand and I held up a bottle of sarsaparilla in the other. He turned his head toward me instantly, and then I saw him make a grab for the anchor; the next minute he was coming for me as hard as he could pull."

FROZEN AIR.

Varying Atmospheric Conditions Above the Earth.

The recent experiments in France in measuring the temperature of the higher regions of the atmosphere by means of balloons furnished with automatic recording instruments have suggested the question whether the air continues to be "air," in the sense in which we understand it, at a very great elevation from the earth. The diminution of temperature is so rapid as to indicate that in interstellar space it must sink at least as low as four hundred and fifty or five hundred degrees Fahrenheit below zero, and perhaps much lower.

But at far less extreme degrees of cold than these, oxygen and nitrogen, the principal constituents of air, have been experimentally liquefied and solidified. What then is the condition of the air at heights where the temperature is so low?

M. de Fouvielle answers that the air there "loses its gaseous condition and becomes changed into a series of minute crystals or drops which follow the earth in its motion through space, and are constantly vaporized when falling in regions where the temperature is somewhat above their point of liquefaction or evaporation."

What an astonishing thing, in its effects, is temperature! On the earth iron is a solid, in the sun it is a vapor; temperature makes the difference.

At the equator water is always a liquid, in the polar regions much of it is continually a solid—difference of temperature again.

The air we live in is gaseous at and near the surface of the globe, but, if M. de Fouvielle is right, at an elevation of a few miles above the ground air is either liquid or solid, or both. And once again variation of temperature plays the chief part in producing differences of condition.

AN ODD HINDOO CUSTOM

Old Men Go to Jail to Atone for the Crimes of the Young.

A student of life and manners in the Punjaub has been struck by the large proportion of very old men in the Indian jails, says the London News. In the prison at Mooltan there were last year seventeen life prisoners whose total ages were found to amount to more than eleven hundred years—two of them being patriarchs of upward of eighty. The remarkable fact is attributed partly to the great improvement in the economy of Indian jails, since the exposure of their mismanagement some years ago, but more directly to the prevalent practice when a crime has been committed of handing over the least useful member of the family as a sort of vicarious offering to justice.

On this point the inspector general of Indian prisons observes that the confinement which conviction entails is of course less irksome to the aged than to the young. "Moreover," he continued, "the people know that a specially comfortable place in the shape of good food, ample clothing, a special dietary, the lightest of work, and a society not entirely uncongenial awaits the old man in our jails." A case has been cited in which a man had been strangled. The person to whom the crime, by his own confession, was brought home was a feeble old fellow who had been paralyzed in both arms for twenty years, and could not have committed the crime. But as his family all said he did it and he himself said he did, and there were plenty of "eye witnesses," the old man went cheerfully to jail and lies there still.

A Queer Little Animal.

The meekrat of South Africa bears a resemblance to the American prairie dog, but is more easily domesticated. It is a tiny little creature about as big as a rat, very intelligent and affectionate as a dog when tamed. It barks and chatters and purrs, is an inveterate thief and spends much of its time standing upright. Its fur is gray, marked somewhat like a tabby cat, and it is wholly without fear. The dog is its favorite animal, and when tamed the meekrat invariably attaches itself to the most good-natured dog in the house. When wild these little animals live in colonies as the prairie dogs, burrowing their homes underground, living on roots. They express supreme satisfaction by lying flat down and stretching themselves out so that they seem like a flat skin without any bones inside it. The little creatures have black circles around their eyes, a stripe running underneath their bodies for its entire length and long, curving black claws on their little forepaws.

Savagery of the Cossacks.

The wild Cossacks, living away down in the southernmost part of the Russian empire, spend most of their time harassing the Turks. They are peculiarly savage in appearance. Their uniform is the Cossack coat, full trousers, scarlet undercoat hooked up to the neck, big boots, and as an overcoat they wear a bourka, a circular cloak made of coarse felt with long, shaggy hair on one side of it. This cloak is big enough to cover the rider and much of the horse. The most distinctive point in their dress, however, is the cylindrical hat of black astrachan which they wear at all seasons. The top is of cloth or velvet. They form part of the Russian cavalry and live principally on plunder, stealing, during their raids into Turkey, anything they can find, from a chicken to a child.

EDISON'S METHODS.

He Does Not Invent by Accident or Without Hard Work.

Edison's genius comes near to justifying that definition of the word which makes it an infinite capacity for taking pains, says the Review of Reviews. "Are your discoveries often brilliant intuitions? Do they come to you while you are lying 'awake nights?'" I asked him.

"I never did anything worth doing by accident," he replied, "nor did any of my inventions come indirectly through accident, except the phonograph. No; when I have fully decided that a result is worth getting I go ahead on it and make trial after trial until it comes. I have always kept strictly within the lines of commercially useful inventions. I have never had any time to put on electrical wonders, valuable simply as novelties to catch the popular fancy." And he named in distinction some noted electricians who had made their reputations through the pyrotechnics of the profession.

"What makes you work?" I asked, with real curiosity. "What impels you to this constant, tireless struggle? You have shown that you care comparatively nothing for the money it makes, and you have no particular enthusiasm in the attending fame."

"I like it," he answered, after a moment of puzzled expression, and then he repeated his reply several times, as if mine was a proposition that had not occurred to him before. "I like it. I don't know any other reason. You know some people like to collect stamps. Anything that I have begun is always on my mind, and I am not easy while away from it until it is finished. And then I hate it."

"Hate it?" I asked, struck by his emphatic tones.

"Yes," he affirmed, "when it is all done and is a success I can't bear the sight of it. I haven't used a telephone in ten years, and I would go out of my way any day to miss an incandescent light."

A JOB FOR THE PREACHER.

It Was to Be Either a Conversion or the Funeral of a Mountaineer.

The mountain circuit rider met me at the foot of Hurricane gap in the Pine mountains, says a Detroit Free Press man, and we rode along together, and about a mile from where the roads forked we were stopped by a mountaineer with a Winchester, whom the preacher knew. He presented me in due form, and when the native knew I was an "outsider" he didn't hesitate to talk.

"I just stopped yer," he said to the preacher, "ter ax yer to come up to the house in the mornin'."

"Anybody sick?" inquired the preacher.

"No," and the mountaineer hesitated. "You know you have been a talkin' ter me fer a long time erbout gitten religion, an' I been a holdin' off!"

The preacher nodded and looked pleased, for there was a tone of penitence in the native's voice.

"Well, I've erbout made up my mind that I've got ter the p'int when something's got ter be done. Jim Gullins come by my place this mornin' an' killed one uv my dogs when I was away, an' you've heerd me say what I thought of Jim Gullins many a time afore this!"

The preacher nodded sorrowfully this time.

"Well, I'm goin' down to see Jim now," continued the mountaineer, "an' if I git him I'll be ready to jine the meetin' house when you come up in the mornin', and if Jim gits me you'll have a funeral to preach, so's you won't lose nothin' by it nohow. I must be gittin' along; good-by." And, slinging his Winchester into the hollow of his arm, he hurried away through the thicket, leaving the circuit rider and me sitting on our horses in the road, completely knocked out by the suddenness of it all and the peculiarity.

Rather Ambiguous.

A story has just come to light regarding the late Caleb Weeks, who at one time lived on Staten Island and imported animals for traveling shows. He took to England shortly after Queen Victoria's ascension to the throne the first giraffe ever taken to Europe from Africa. So famous did Weeks become by this achievement that the queen invited him to dine at Windsor. Weeks presented himself long before the dinner hour and grew very impatient and hungry before the banquet was served. At dinner the queen graciously asked him at what time the president of the United States dined. Combining pique with patriotism, Weeks answered: "Oh, the president—he doesn't dine till the next day."

The Charge Was Too General.

Judge Kellen was for many years police judge of St. Louis. An old Irishwoman was often before him in consequence of her great fondness for whisky. One Monday morning she was called up and the clerk read the charge: "Mary O'Brien, found drunk in the street." "What plea do you want to enter, Mary?" said the judge. "Well, yer honor," said Mary, "I'll not be pladin' at all to that charge; it's too gineral; it don't say what strate." The court had the charge amended, after inquiring of the policeman who made the arrest what street he had found Mary on, and good-humoredly let her off with a small fine as a compliment to her knowledge of pleading, acquired by her long experience in his court.